

### The Funeral of the Late Queen Dowager.

There will not be many more royal funerals, but the universal respect that paid the last tributes to Queen Kapiolani must have been more than gratifying to the Hawaiian race and the numerous friends of all nations who esteemed the late Dowager. All the pomp and dignity befitting a royal interment was in evidence and showed the appreciation of all for the so greatly successful efforts of Kapiolani for her race.

On Friday and Saturday the body lay in state at Kawaiahao church amidst the finest forest of kahilis ever gathered together. The notable collection of ex-Queen Liliuokalani was added to those pertaining of right to the family of Queen Kapiolani. The floral emblems and decorations were inexpressibly beautiful and the general arrangements in perfect taste and harmony, most creditable to the loving ladies in charge.

Sunday last will be remembered as a day of record for the heat, and yet at 2 o'clock Kawaiahao church was densely crowded with all that is representative of Honolulu. The funeral services were conducted, in accordance with the ritual of the Church of England, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Honolulu assisted by his clergy and Rev. H. H. Parker, the pastor of the church, a large number of the clergy of other denominations were also present. The principal features of the service were the singing of the choirs of St. Andrew's Cathedral and Kawaiahao church, Handel's "Largo" a violin solo by Dr. O. E. Wall accompanied by Prof. Wray Taylor on the organ and the marvellously sweet and refined voice of Mrs. Annis Montague Turner as heard in "Nearer, my God, to Thee" which was so pathetically rendered that tears responsively flowed.

So perfectly had Major Potter, the grand marshal, made his arrangements that no time was lost or confusion made in starting the long procession to the sound of the first minute gun. This procession was the grandest and most imposing, although perhaps not the largest as the schools are in vacation, that Honolulu has ever witnessed. It embraced the representatives of the civil and military governments and armed forces of the United States and Hawaii, the representatives of foreign powers, the judiciary, the clergy of all denominations, religious and civil societies and an immense body of Hawaiians.

The cortege wound slowly to the mortuary where the last rites read and performed, all that was mortal of one of the last of the dynasty of Hawaiian royalty was left—while her sorrowing people and kinsmen returned to their homes with only the memory of her life and its work enshrined in their hearts forever.

### An Invidious Distinction.

The unpleasant local incident on the Fourth in connection with the forcible hauling down of a German flag from a German citizen's dwelling recalls to the writer's mind an amusing experience which befell a few friends and himself some thirty years and more ago in old Spain.

On the banks of the Guadalquivir in Sevilla, la maravilla, is the palace of San Telmo, the home of the dukes de Montpensier. In the days of which we write there was also a boat club in Sevilla whose boats were occasionally honored with the presence of the fair Infantas of the Montpensier family.

One delightful summer evening these ladies decided to pay a visit to Cadiz and the boat club was equally decided in desiring to pay them due courtesy and honor on their departure. Accordingly we brought our best eight-oared barge, and gorgeous in white flannel trimmed with cerise colored ribbons, the favorite hue of our favorite patroness, and with the flags of England and France side by side at the bow and the royal ensign of Spain (borrowed from the royal palace, at our stern) we tossed oars and bade them good-bye. The lady of our young hearts presented our coxswain, a young Spaniard of titled prominence, with her bouquet and we were in the seventh heaven of delight.

Without changing our costume we proceeded to our club, El circulo de los labradores, to duly celebrate the occasion over punch a la Cerveza. We had scarcely assuaged our consuming thirst over the first bowl when there entered one of the aids of the military governor, for Sevilla was then in a state of martial law owing to the impending revolution which drove Isabella la Segunda off the throne, who requested us to follow him immediately.

Though surprised we were not dismayed for we deemed our action most creditable and knew the governor to be a warm personal friend to all of us. But, it must, even after these many years, he admitted that we were alarmed, when we were informed that we were under arrest for a most treasonable crime, and much more so when we entered the presence of the governor surrounded by his staff and various officials whose faces bore most unkindly scowls.

"Ah! gentlemen foreigners, and this is how you abuse Spanish hospitality by flaunting your flags in our faces on our own waters. Do you not know that you have committed an act of rank treason against Her Majesty and the Majesty of Spain. You, England, and you, France, have left your blood on our battlefields and now you shall pine away in our jails, and you unregenerate son of Spain shall suffer with them as a traitor to your country."

In vain we expostulated and endeavored to prove that the highest honor and the purest courtesy were intended, the old Admiral, General Phizou, he who took the Chincha Islands for Spain, thundered out "Remove the Traitors." The "traitors" were removed to a private room and left to their thoughts for a few minutes. Those thoughts were unpleasant for the consuls of England and France, as individuals, were useless to us in those days and a drumhead court martial in the hours of rebellion is apt to kill first and judge afterwards.

The officer who had arrested us reappeared and again escorted us to the governor. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are under arrest until 9 o'clock to-morrow morning. In the meantime you are released on parole long enough to dress *en grande tenue*, and to return here on the distinct understanding that you do not refer to this incident." More surprised than ever and wondering what punishment we should receive we obeyed orders and again presented ourselves in full evening dress.

Our crime against Spain was atoned by dining with the governor and being escorted by him to the opera, taken to the royal box, presented to the Duke, receiving an ovation from the audience and "having a right royal time."

In law the governor was right for no flag save that of Spain can fly in Spain, save on the buildings allotted to foreign powers, and they constructively speaking are not Spain.

TIENE RAZON.

### Daily Hints for the Table.

A lady living uptown who entertains largely, delights her guests with the delicious home-made candies which she always serves as a dernier course. Following are directions which this member of society kindly gives for making vanilla chocolate creams: "Break the whites of three eggs into a bowl, add three tablespoonfuls of cold water, then, with a broad boxwood fork stir in confectioners' sugar of the very best quality until the mixture is stiff enough to mold into shape with the fingers, flavor it with vanilla and whip it briskly and constantly till it is not only stiff, but smooth and creamy; make this mixture up into balls, cubes or little pyramids, lay them on waxed paper or plates, and set them in a cool, dry place to harden. The next day when the creams are hard, prepare the chocolate covering. Put a quarter of a pound of chocolate in a sauce pan, adding a very little water to dissolve it; stand the saucepan in a kettle of boiling water; stir the chocolate till it is well blended and quite thick, then drop one cream at a time into the chocolate, and after it has been rolled about two or three times and is well coated with the chocolate lift it out with a fork and slip it on a sheet of waxed paper. Repeat

this process till all the creams are well covered with chocolate.

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Rosalie Bonheur, the great French artist, died at Fontainebleau May 26th, aged seventy-seven. She was an artist unrivaled among her own sex for the minute and spirited delineation of the various forms of animal life. Rosa, as she was generally called, was the daughter of a French artist of some distinction, the eldest of five children, all of them distinguished artists. Mlle. Bonheur did not have to struggle through long years of obscurity. She rose at once to fame. Her works, though at first a little timid, showed accuracy, purity, and an intuitive perception of nature. Her greatest success dates from 1847, when she sent to the Salon her "Attelage Nivernais," which was enthusiastically received by the public. It is now in the gallery of the Luxembourg. Her principal pictures number about forty, but between the execution of these she has painted many small ones. Many of her finest pieces of work are owned in America. Her school experience, where she caricatured the pupils and the teacher, and finally was expelled, made her a quiet but irreconcilable enemy of aristocratic and genteel Philistinism. In the chronicles of the fashionable world the name of Rosa Bonheur never appeared.

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A driveling idiot went out from his lair the other day and finally reached the *Electric Review* office, where he discovered a victim. "Why," said the idiot, "is a man who has seen Niagara Falls and a man who has not seen Niagara Falls like a ham-sandwich?" "Givutup," said the victim, suspiciously. "It's easy," said the idiot. "Givutup," repeated the victim, firmly. "Why," replied the idiot, "one has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. Ha, ha! Catch it?" "Of course I do, you fool," answered the victim; "but what's the sandwich to do with it?" "That's where you bite," said the idiot, as he made a dive for the door.—E.r.

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One of the natives—"Talk about healthy locations! Why, when I came to this town I only weighed about sixty pounds. Now look at me. I don't weigh an ounce less than two hundred!"

Guest—"Been here long?"

Native—"Not very long. Lets see, I'm thirty-eighty now. It was about twenty-nine years ago."—*Boston Transcript*.

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A Teacher asked a little boy to spell "responsibility," which he did.

"Now Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me the meaning of that big word?"

"Yes, mum," answered Tommy. "If I had only four buttons on my trousers, and two came off, all the responsibility would hang on the other two."